THE

ELEGIAC LYRE.

A

COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL POETRY.

By MARK CHARTRES, *A. B.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM 30 61 MAR

ELEGIAC

THE

ELEGIAC LYRE.

Elegy,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE voice is ſilent—but the notes prevail,
Sweet as if angels' fingers touch'd the ſtring;
Nor ſuperſtitious is the ancient tale,
That heard the ſpirit * of the vallies ſing.

Night's

* The opinion, ſtill popular in Ireland and Scotland, that the death of perſons of diſtinction is foretold by the lamentation, or appearance of a certain ſpirit, ſeems to have been credited by almoſt every ancient nation: that it exiſted among both the Greeks and Romans is evident from the apparitions, mentioned by Plutarch in his Lives of Dion and Brutus.——That ſome ſimilar perſuaſion had ſpread itſelf among the Jews may be confirmed by the beautiful paſſage in Jeremiah, where the Prophet, foretelling the murder of the children of Bethlehem by Herod, has called up the ſpirit of Rachel, at Rama near the place of her ſepulchre, bewail-

ing

Night's ſtarry ſcene was ſecret as the grave,
The moon ſerenely ſpread her ſinking beams,
And ſlowly mov'd the ſmall unſullied wave
Along the ſurface of the trembling ſtreams.

The ſounds of ſorrow from the diſtant plain
Excell'd the ſadneſs of a thouſand ſighs,
And echo anſwering utter'd ev'ry ſtrain,
Tun'd to the mournful cadence of her cries.

Or Fancy's faculties by trances charm'd,
Or ſome ſad preſage of approaching tears,
Imagination's niceſt frenzy warm'd,
And each light ſhade in living ſhape appears.

An unſubſtantial form of female mien,
Rob'd in the radiance of a fleecy cloud!
Around whoſe ghoſtly image might be ſeen
The cold looſe cov'ring of a ſnowy ſhroud.

The variations which her accents made,
Were like ſome maiden's, whoſe deſponding love,
On Muſic's melancholy lips convey'd
Her lonely ſonnets to the liſt'ning grove.

ing the deſtruction of the ſons of Iſrael. " In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, becauſe they are not."

The

The ſwans that ſail'd the ſmooth adjacent floods
Caught the contagion of her doleful tune,
Which ſeem'd to lull the genius of the woods,
And ſtop the peaceful progreſs of the moon.

And lo! reveal'd to the enraptur'd view,
The guardian Virgins' viſionary throng
Advanc'd with ſteps ſcarce trac'd upon the dew,
To join th' harmonious languor of her ſong.

Three ſiſters of the ſame diſtinguiſh'd bloom,
The Graces, guides of ev'ry female train,
Array'd like pale attendants of the tomb,
Declin'd their dance to hear the nymph complain.

Youth's Goddeſs following, rent her Tyrian veſt,
With wreaths of vernal odours in her hands;
Affection next in habit ſimply dreſt,
Led all her handmaids with their ſilver wands †.

Pity and Patience veil'd like veſtals came,
Faith, Hope, and Charity, and chaſteſt Pray'rs,
And Conſolation, ſweet celeſtial dame,
With cups of cordials for conſumptive cares.

† It was uſual at Iriſh funerals, particularly of young unmarried women, for the female part of the company to attend the corſe with a garland, and white rods of peeled oſiers, and to place them round the grave after the burial ceremonies had been performed. This is ſtill obſerved in ſome parts of the kingdom even at the preſent time.

In ſuch aſſembly on Mount Gilead's brow,
The Jewiſh damſels mourn'd the annual ‡ date,
And immolation of an haſty vow,
And wept a virgin's and a victim's fate.

Around the loud prophetic phantom ſpread,
Like lambs whoſe lives await the pontiff's ſtroke;
Their ſighs foreboded ſome fair fav'rite dead,
And theſe the words the vocal viſion ſpoke.

Your raiment change, your ſable ſuits diſplay,
Your nobleſt native never ſhall return; †
Weave ye the ſhroud to fold her fine-form'd clay,
Your treſſes § thin to trim your Anna's urn.

Your Anna's urn the deſtinies prepare,
And watch the trembling motions of her breath;
Diſtracted grief ſtands ready to declare
The threat'ning moment of impending death.

‡ And it was a cuſtom in Iſrael, that the daughters of Iſrael went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah, the Gileadite, four days in a year. Judges xi. 40.

The allegorical imagery of this part of the poem was ſuggeſted by the foregoing paſſage.

† The Lady whoſe death is the ſubject of this Elegy, was daughter of an Iriſh Nobleman, and died in London, in 1789.——The ſcene is placed near the country reſidence of the family.

§ It was the practice of the ancients to cut off the hair, and preſent it at the tombs of their deceaſed friends.—This is beautifully exemplified by Sophocles, in his tragedy of Electra.

The

The lips are pale—the ling'ring pulſe is ſlow—
The dim departing beams of beauty fade—
The fev'rous force diſſolves its deadly glow—
'Tis paſt—the ſilent ſacrifice is made.

The dull condolence of a diſmal groan,
The fleeting Saint's celeſtial flight purſu'd,
The ſorrowing ſpirits with united moan
Their recent lamentations thus renew'd.

Could Nature's charms, or Youth's ſuperior bloom,
The meekeſt manners or a modeſt mien,
Eſcape the ſudden ſummons of the tomb,
Thy years had reach'd the eve of age ſerene.

But what avails the faireſt winning form,
And Pity's pious ſympathy of heart,
Againſt Diſtemper's deſolating ſtorm,
Or the fell aim of Death's relentleſs dart?

The Mother's darling, and the Father's pride—
How ſhort thoſe bleſſings and how dear they coſt!
Snatch'd from the Brother's ſmiles, the Siſter's ſide—
Illuſtrious fav'rite!—lov'd—deplor'd—and loſt.—

The tend'reſt tranſports of an infant's love
Refin'd the pure effuſions of her breaſt;
And by the ſteadieſt temper of the dove
Faint Affectation's arts were all ſuppreſt.

Is Fortune's promiſe that indulgent ſmil'd,
The early rank and title ſhe enjoy'd,
And Senſibility's deportment mild,
In one rude moment totally deſtroy'd?

No more is Friendſhip flatter'd with her praiſe,
Compaſſion ceaſes to direct her hand;
And humble Charity in vain delays
To bear the dictates of her chaſte command.

Ye dear ſurvivers, whoſe afflictions weep
With fond profuſion of unfruitful woes,
Attending virtues round her ſlumbers keep
A conſtant calm of undiſturb'd repoſe.

And this domeſtic ſpot, whoſe low retreats
Thy moonlight mourners bathe with many a tear,
Cloath'd in the freſheſt ſeaſon's flow'ry ſweets,
In Beauty's pureſt pictures ſhall appear.

The lily's vernal offspring of the vale,
Deeply infected with the drops they ſhed,
And gently cheriſh'd by the plaintive gale,
On ſlender ſtems their baſhful bloſſoms ſpread.

Patience with kind compoſure pull'd the flow'rs,
And [illegible] them with a ſilken ſtring,
And Co[illegible]olation o'er their fragrance pours
Three ‖ drops diſtill'd from Lethe's hidden ſpring.

‖ " And from the well of life three drops diſtill'd."
Milton.

Hope's

Hope's hallow'd hands were ready to receive
The healing wreathe, and flew on ſwift expreſs
With Faith's ſublime commiſſion to relieve
The weeping wounds of Sorrow's new diſtreſs.

Her cautious care convey'd the unſeen charm
Of choſen flavours to the Siſter's breaſt;
Her ſighs ſubſiding with the ſoft alarm,
The Spirit's breathing whiſpers thus addreſt.

Accept this preſent, whoſe perfuming flowers
Contain a cure from Comfort's myſtic ſtore,
Compos'd by Sylphs in bright aerial bow'rs;
Take and diſtribute where thy friends deplore.

Ye pitied Parents, partners of deſpair!
For you this balmy remedy is giv'n;
When life's diveſted of each earthly care,
A Saint ſalutes you at the gates of Heav'n.

Then weep not hopeleſs o'er your precious child,
Who ſoars beyond the reach of mortal joys;
On whom each cherub with affection ſmil'd,
And freed from fickly pains, and human toys.

Nor think her loſt, but for awhile retir'd,
Where ſweet ſocieties of Angels ſing,
Whoſe tuneful tongues celeſtially inſpir'd
Chant anthems ſuited to the ſilver ſtring.

Prepare

Prepare to meet her ſuperadded bloom,
Relumin'd luſtre ſhall her ſmiles adorn,
When Angels' trumpets triumph o'er the tomb,
And wake its vanquiſh'd to an endleſs morn.

Elegy,

Elegy,

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. HENRY USSHER, D. D. SENIOR FELLOW AND PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

THE Moon * in mourning for her fav'rite's fate,
Shades her dominions with diſaſt'rous clouds;
As the ſad preſage of th' approaching date
Of USSHER's ſummons to the vale of ſhrouds.

'Twas then the ruling planet of the night
Her fond farewell by previous ſignal gave;
Her next returning plenitude of light
Shall ſhed its pearly dews upon his grave.

Thy chariot's conſtant motions then ſuſpend,
And pauſing lean on thy meridian throne;
'Till all the ſtars, that on thy courſe attend,
Their late Hiſtorian's haſty loſs bemoan.

His looks enlighten'd ſtedfaſtly ſurvey'd
Objects and orbs, that human views outrun,
Quick as the bird that waits on Wiſdom's maid,
And turns its eyes undazzled to the ſun.

* Alluding to the great eclipſe of the moon, the 28th of April, 1790.—Dr. Uſher died the 8th of May following.

His

His ſpeedy thoughts revolv'd in rapid flight,
As ſwift as ſubtle rays, and ſtretch'd as far
Thro' the wide proſpects of ethereal light,
As Earth recedes from Heav'n's remoteſt ſtar.

But in thy abſence vile infections ſpread
Conſumptive anguiſh with a keen decay,
The demon Death preſides in Genius' ſtead,
And waves his banner with a dim diſmay.

Before the nervous vigours of his eye
The philoſophic ſcenes of Nature fade;
As when the ſun deſcending quits the ſky,
Succeeding night extends its diſmal ſhade.

Now tending toward his deſolated dome,
Where Time's celeſtial tables are repos'd,
Affliction finds a melancholy home,
In lonely ſecrecy retir'd and clos'd.

Awake, O Cyprian Miſtreſs † of the morn!
And point his paſſage with thy roſeate ray;
Or if thy ſilver torches ſhould adorn
The ev'ning's ſmiles, illuminate his way.

Ye other wider wand'rers of the ſperes,
Around his ſteps in cloſer circles turn;
Or in the tardy order of your years
Record the rev'renc'd honors of his urn.

† The planet Venus, called by Horace, Diva potens Cypri, Book i. Ode 3.

The

The ſeven chaſte Pleiads, when they next unveil
Their vernal viſage, ſhall aſcend and ſigh;
And Merope's ‡ compaſſion change more pale
To hide the tender tear that fills her eye.

Urania trembling o'er his life's laſt bed,
Her golden globe and compaſſes miſlaid;
And all her ſiſters from their fountains fled
To ſooth her ſorrows in the cypreſs ſhade.

Celeſtial Iris, paintreſs of the air,
Convert the tinſel texture of thy wings,
And thy long ſpreading locks of purple hair,
To tuneful motions, and to lyric ſtrings.

And on thy ſundry-colour'd cloud recline,
While thy aerial bow's bright plumage plays,
And ſoft Æolian echos all combine
In ſolemn ſongs of elegiac praiſe.

Such hymns are due: his ſtudies learn'd to trace
The Sun's minuteſt ray, where Genius ſteers
Thro' ancient Time's illimitable ſpace,
The moving orbs that regulate the years.

‡ The darkeſt of the Pleiades; which is fabulouſly attributed to her own ſuperior ſympathy of diſpoſition: for unable to behold the flames of Troy the night it was deſtroyed, ſhe is reported to have turned her face aſide, and to have remained ſince in that ſituation.

Ye ſeaſons come; let Summer at his ſhrine
Luxuriant leaves, let Spring refreſhing flow'rs,
Let Autumn ſtrow his off'rings of the vine,
And Winter icy gems congeal'd in ſhow'rs.

See Wiſdom's ſons contribute tear for tear;
While each ſelected child on Learning's page,
In ſad aſſembly bending o'er his bier,
Laments the kind preceptor and the ſage.

The ſeat of knowledge proud of his remains,
Within her temple § ancient and auguſt,
Her once unrivall'd ornament contains,
Preſerv'd on pillows of her hallow'd duſt.

But ah! untimely and devoted day!
When we that form reluctantly reſign'd,
Which call'd to Death's cold manſions of the clay,
The gentle aſpect ſo humanely kind.

Ye conſtellations dancing with the dawn,
In mazes meaſur'd round his native ſkies;
Ye orbs that reſt on Veſper's velvet lawn,
Salute the ſpot ſepulchral where he lies.

Ye ſpangled hoſts, that ſuit Arcturus' train,
In polar paths ye neither ſet nor ſleep,
Nor bathe your toiling teams beneath the main,
Attend his tomb, and wakeful vigils keep.

§ Dr. Uſsher was interr'd within the College Chapel.

Orion

Orion arm'd diſplay thy flaming ſword,
And brilliant bow bent forward for the chaſe,
With ready aim'd aſſiſtance to afford
A guardian's duty, and protect the place.

Then ſleep compos'd, ſoon after Death's dull doom
The twilight of Eternity appears;
Whoſe beams ſhall break the bondage of the tomb,
And teach thee other ſigns and brighter ſpheres.

To ſome ſucceſſor of concentric fire,
The ſtarry volume of thy works conſign,
That like Elijah's mantle may inſpire
Th' extenſive taſk with ſcience ſuch as thine.

Departed ſhades of literary fame,
With ſapient ſanctity to be their guide,
For thy reception and united name
A walk ſublime and laurel bow'rs provide.

There all the ſtars their even paths diſplay
In eaſy viſion to th' immortal mind,
Which aided by the ſun's contiguous ray,
Enjoys the world's vaſt proſpects unconfin'd.

For all that man's admitted to behold
His reaſon reach'd with clear and copious view;
And ſacred ſtores of wonders now unfold
Sidereal ſyſtem yet unknown and new.

Elegy,

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CLEGHORN, M. D. UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AND SURGERY.

WHY tolls the death-bell on this feſtive day *,
When man's redemption triumph'd o'er the tomb;
Why wears each face this ſhadow of diſmay,
Conceal'd in clouds of melancholy gloom?

Is it the ſorrowful and ſudden knell
Of Cleghorn's ſwift departure to the dead;
The tone profound, whoſe purpoſe 'tis to tell,
His ſoul to ſolemn, ſep'rate ſcenes is fled?

Ye ſons and daughters of Ierne, mourn,
Nor bluſh to bathe your viſage with a tear;
Small tribute this to pay his youthful urn,
Too poor theſe drops to ſprinkle on his bier.

What ſtore of Nature's gifts did he poſſeſs?
He charm'd the wiſe with ſentiments ſerene,
And won the hearts of all by his addreſs,
With aſpect mild and unaſſuming mien.

* Doctor Cleghorn died on Eaſter-Sunday. A. D. 1784.

No

No narrow limits could confine his mind,
Nature's minuteſt work to him was known;
In him clear Science ev'ry thought refin'd,
And made the book of knowledge all his own.

His genius hover'd on no vulgar wing,
Each healing gift, each potent plant that grew,
Our body's moſt attenuated ſtring
Was brought within the compaſs of his view.

Ah! what a loſs muſt life and health ſuſtain,
A loſs which ſtill demands our deepeſt ſigh;
A loſs which mortals never may regain,
'Till Time's vaſt piles in utter ruins lie.

From him the graſp of unrelenting Death
Obtain'd a premature and precious prey;
And at the reſignation of his breath
In doleful triumph bore his ſpoils away.

Ye learn'd ſages, where is now your boaſt
Of arts which long and ſtudious practice gave?
Your brighteſt, moſt directive ſtar is loſt,
Which ſkill nor care could from extinction ſave.

Now, ranging Fame, thy weary pinions reſt,
Thy taſk is done, thy toilſome flight is o'er,
His name in merited applauſes dreſt
Thy ſounding trumpet ſhall employ no more.

Since his renown ſuch admiration gains
O'er Death's rude conteſt, and defies his dart;
To ſing his praiſe in elegiac ſtrains
Is all the kindneſs thou can'ſt now impart.

Seek not, weak Muſe, his virtues to diſplay,
Which far ſurpaſs the efforts of thy pen;
Repute like his ne'er dwindles to decay,
Nor ceaſes to engage the tongues of men.

How feeble ev'ry wiſh of thine to ſing
Perfections which tranſcend thy humble lays,
Perfections which invite a bolder ſtring,
With loud vibrations to refound his praiſe.

Ye monumental ornaments how vain,
Awhile ye point out where our relics lie;
But waſting with the cold tempeſtuous rain,
Like your projectors, droop, diſſolve, and die.

The brazen ſtatue, and the marble buſt
Submit to time, and moulder to decay;
And man's fair frame compos'd of lifeleſs duſt,
Returns to earth, and ſhrinks comſum'd away.

Virtue alone can eternize his name,
Can make it ſoar with ceaſeleſs flight on high,
Can build the deathleſs fabric of his fame,
And rear his bright memorial to the ſky.

In ſuch eſteem thy youthful worth remains,
Unfading ſculptures ſhould adorn thy tomb;
And laſting verſe expreſs'd in lofty ſtrains,
To ſpeak thy merits, and untimely doom.

Would ſome preſiding power of tuneful praiſe,
Pleas'd to preſerve the excellence of man,
But touch my tongue, or modulate the lays,
My pen's pretenſions might purſue the plan.

Engraven emblems ſhould ſupport his buſt,
And kneeling ſeraphs o'er his image weep,
And Learning crown the vaſe that guards his duſt,
And Mem'ry 'mers'd in meditations deep.

Tho' hoary Time had ſilver'd o'er his head,
'Till feeble age's lengthen'd years repine,
We'd mourn the ſlow diſeaſes of his bed,
And lateſt rites of his ſepulchral ſhrine.

All-bounteous Heav'n! whoſe prudence had ſupply'd
A human form with models ſo refin'd;
Why was a wider date of days deny'd,
And to the ſcanty grave ſuch gifts conſign'd?

Was it to teach th' unworthy ſons of clay
What mighty bleſſings thou haſt to beſtow?
Was it to prove Omnipotence's ſway,
And thy ſupreme dominion here below?

But why, ye bleſt immortal Hoſts of Heav'n,
Why ſo impatient of your fav'rite's ſtay?
The longeſt life to human frailty giv'n
Is in thy ſight a fleeting winter's day.

Yet why ſhould we at thy high will repine,
Or tax the work of thy all-ruling hand?
Let us endure what thy decrees aſſign,
And bow ſubmiſſive to thy great command.

Then ſtop this ſwelling anguiſh of the breaſt;
The eye in vain diſſolves itſelf in ſhow'rs,
When Saints admit him as a welcome gueſt,
And Angels greet him with a love like ours.

Nor ling'ring o'er his hallow grave complain,
Where Faith and Piety their vigils keep,
Virtue and all her bright ſeraphic train
Aſſemble there to pray, to ſing, and weep.

Ode,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS GRACE CHARLES DUKE OF RUTLAND, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

HIS death's declared—O deep depreſſing ſound!
Deſcend Melpomene, and waken Fame—
Silent we languiſh with Affliction's wound,
And turn'd like ſtatues ſcarce prouounce his name.
Mild Muſe of mourning ſoften our ſurprize,
And teach us tales of tears, and ſongs of ſighs;
Command the roving Goddeſs of the air,
Her trumpet's loudeſt ſignals to prepare:
Let her diſtended voice thro' clouds convey
A Kingdom's anguiſh, and an Iſle's diſmay.

Come, ſons of Song and Science; Glory calls;
Engrave his honours, and inſcribe his buſt;
Diſtemper's ſtroke on full Diſtinction falls,
And princely Excellence is laid in duſt—
Alas! Invention ſickens, Fancy dies,
And Genius only utters groans and cries;
Then what new trophies can our wiſhes raiſe,
Or can our ſtudious ſorrows equal Rutland's praiſe?

For

For what can Sadneſs offer at his ſhrine?
Can Wiſdom animate, or Muſic charm?
When all the terrors of the grave combine
The Muſe's weakly efforts to diſarm.
What Bard ſo bold to ſpread his ſoaring wing,
When ſlow dejection ſtiffen'd with ſurprize,
Ne'er looks erect but with reluctant eyes;
And ſobbings interrupt the trembling lips to ſing.
Imagination leans her mournful head
Upon the coſtly couch of ſolemn ſtate,
Her thoughts are fetter'd to the unliſt'ning dead,
And all her viſionary train in humble melancholy wait.
Happy, holy Hope that cheers
Human pains, and human fears,
Lowly kneels in piteous pray'r,
Scarce diſtinguiſh'd from deſpair.

The diſmal dirge—the pompous plumes diſplay'd—
Silence ſalutes the lamentable ſhow,
And Grandeur bow'd in ſable robes array'd,
Infects the fixt ſoul with religious woe.
The bell ſlow tolling makes a pauſing ſound,
The warning emblem of departing breath:
Aſtoniſh'd crouds ſtand motionleſs around,
Like men devoted to the dart of death.

Youth

Youth and Beauty ſeem diſmay'd;
Matrons mourn, and ſubjects ſigh:
Oh, accept, illuſtrious ſhade,
Tearful tributes of the eye.
Compaſſion, Honour, Fortune, Friendſhip weep
Their Lord's untimely and eternal ſleep.

Hence profane aſperſions *, ceaſe;
Rude reproofs are falſify'd:
Conſtant love and calmeſt peace
Prove what envy has deny'd.
Repentance bluſhes willing to revere
The ſpirit ſocial, bounteous, and ſincere.
If there's haſty cenſure due,
Let its ſwifteſt cries purſue
Unſteady Stateſmen, who adore
The lib'ral favours they requir'd;
But too ungrateful to deplore
The nobleſt virtues when expir'd:
From his low and lonely bed
Adulation's forms are fled,
To ſtudy feigning ſmiles of freſh demands,
And court the coming Viceroy's new commands.

* The Adminiſtration of the Duke of Rutland had been cenſured by the party in oppoſition, for introducing into Parliament thoſe Propoſitions which were thought injurious to the commercial rights of Ireland.

Promotion's

Promotion's buſy ſuitors all retire,
Pale with the diſappointments of deſire:
O ſtrong and deſp'rate diſregard of ſhame!
Whoſe fawning wile's
Smooth ſnare beguiles,
And to a dang'rous deed ſubjoins a noble name.
Hail the conſecrated day †,
Mouths of myriads ſhould convey
The date to ev'ry franchis'd coaſt,
Strange ſucceſs and endleſs boaſt,
Happy, heav'nly, great and glorious,
When the vanquiſh'd ‡ were victorious.
But forbear, Hibernian Muſe,
Themes like theſe thy flights refuſe;
Such deſcriptions would require
Thoughts of thunder, words of fire §.

Stop theſe ſtrains of daring choice,
Deepeſt ſorrows ſuit the voice;
Lays like dew on tender flow'rs,
Or rains diſtill in ev'ning ſhow'rs.

† The 12th of Auguſt, 1785. When the Propoſitions were debated.

‡ The Minority 110, who defeated the plan of Adminiſtration on the queſtion of the Propoſitions.

§ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
Gray.

Grief,

Grief, ſtrike the ſtrings, renew the ſongs ſerene
In ſofteſt ſtrains of elegies;
To Rutland's virtues, both conceal'd and ſeen,
The Nation's reconcil'd—and ſighs.
Courage and mercy dignify'd his mind;
The choiceſt merits treaſur'd in the breaſt
Of conqu'ring Granby—pattern of mankind,
His ſon in full accompliſhment poſſeſs'd.
Animation mark'd his face,
Love and language in his eye,
Ev'ry motion gifts of grace,
Smiles of Pleaſure—all to die!—

From the central gloom of night
In Stygian-tinctur'd weeds bedight
Diſeaſe deſcended: round his bed
Deadly fev'rous fumes are ſpread;
Fate's ſevereſt omen calls,
Sudden, laſting ruin falls:
Sullen and ſilent Death directs his darts,
And from the ſenſeleſs fleſh the active ſoul departs.
As a wat'ry winter's cloud
Folds its dark and diſmal ſhroud,
O'er the full moon, when reclining
On her horizontal bed,
And her level radiance ſhining
From her low and languid head.

What

What hardy meſſenger ſhall pow'r prepare
To bring the tidings to Britannia's ſhore,
To tell his fond Friends—not, alas! aware,
His life's conſum'd, his health revives no more.
Wreath the mournful cypreſs bough,
Bind the weeping bearer's brow,
Speechleſs ſignal to explain,
And ſpare the tongue the taſk of pain;
While connected feelings mourn
His honour'd duſt, and golden urn.

See the ſhip with ſable ſails,
Such from Crete's calm harbours ſteer'd,
Wafted by the eaſtern gales,
Near th' Athenian port appear'd;
While the parent's watchful care,
Wand'ring o'er the moving deep,
Quickly ſpy'd, and in deſpair,
Leap'd the tow'ring rocky ſteep.
Affection's immemorial Fame!
Th' extended waves preſerve his name *.
So when attachment's tend'reſt tears behold
The funeral flags, and relics they convey,
Their ſighs, O Sea, ſhall change thy name of old,
And lend his titles to the neighb'ring bay.

* Ægeus.

O widow'd

O widow'd ſeraph! fairer than a bride,
Whom youth arrays, and all the beauties guide,
Like the lily ſcented flow'r,
Bent beneath a ſudden ſhow'r,
And all her noble orphans weeping at her ſide—
No wreaths of luſtre bind her hair,
Nor love, nor muſic charms her care;
In her boſom ſhe inurns,
The dear remembrance which ſhe mourns.
Angels come with ſome relief,
Little intervals from grief:
Her ſtreaming eyes, and ſobbing breaſt,
With Timanthes' † veil inveſt.

† The celebrated Grecian Painter; in his picture of the immolation of Iphigenia, unable to expreſs the anguiſh of Agamemnon he drew a veil over his countenance.

Ode,

WRITTEN DURING THE KING'S INDISPOSITION.

THY potency, O Moon!
Empreſs of the ſtarry noon,
Suſpend with ſweet ſalubrious ſmile
On yonder neighb'ring iſle;
Diſſolve thy vap'rous ſpells
Where tardy Winter bound in icy fetters dwells,
And clouds of ſnowy tempeſts roll
In drifts around the pole—
Thy balmy diſtillations ſhed
On thy imperial patient's bed,
Compoſe his maladies with calm returns of reſt,
And pacify his pains upon thy dear Endymion's breaſt.

Whence proceed theſe baleful pow'rs
Deſcending in thy ſilver ſhow'rs?
Do the chilly dews of earth
Charm'd and cheriſh'd by thy breath,
And by thy ſubtle rays refin'd
Leave their leaden dregs behind,
Which with infectious fall enchant the human mind?

Can

Can thy cold congealing beams
Change to ſuch ſevere extremes,
Or does thy all-attracting urn
Condenſe the damps, and thence return
Electric drops, whoſe ſparks inſpire
Aches, palſies, ſpaſms, deſpair—and frenzy's raging
fire?

Whether ſome dark Stygian ſprite
Steals contagions from the night,
By rhymes revers'd in cells recluſe,
Old Superſtition's worſt abuſe,
Where Fancy various viſions forms
Of imps that raiſe and ride the ſtorms,
Whoſe moiſt and miſty mantles pour
Around the deſtin'd ſlumb'rer's peaceful hour
Aſperſions crude, whoſe ſearching pain
Can penetrate the ſoul, and turn each ſenſe inſane.

Or if invidious realms combin'd,
By incantations have confin'd
A fav'rite Monarch's even hand,
To check his juſt and meek command,
Sad recent proof of their perfidious mind,
Diſſentions to diffuſe throughout our troubled land.
May diſcords and diſquietudes reward
Their faith perverſe, and hoſtile ſchemes retard;

And with theſe venom'd drops the adder ſips
Return the cup replete to their malicious lips *.

Purer ſpirits of the air,
In your amber bowls prepare
Mixtures made from juice of flow'rs,
Collecting clear and healing pow'rs:
To his parching tongue convey
The liquid cordial's cold allay:
His uneaſy temples bind
With wreaths of fragrance gently twin'd,
And the dire effects reſtrain
That irritate the brain——
And, oh! the quicken'd pulſe prolong,
And mitigate the heart's wild palpitations ſtrong.

Let lenient remedies diſpel
The dire diſeaſe, whoſe influence fell,
Like ſome unruly blow,
Has level'd Reaſon, and laid Nature low:
Aſſiſt with ſwift exertions of relief
His anguiſh, and his agony of grief—
For lo! beneath the ſubject and the ſlave,
A ſov'reign's pow'rs derang'd in wide confuſion rave.

* —————— Even handed juſtice
Returns th' ingredients of the poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. *Shakeſpear's Macbeth.*

Perhaps

Perhaps he pants for breath
As in the graſp of death;
Or with rough cordage bound,
Whoſe knotty ties imprint the livid wound—
No flatt'ring Court attendant now in view,
A guardian's frowns his ſtruggling ſtarts ſubdue.

Alas! the melancholy theme
Has realiz'd the diſmal dream!
I hear his miſerable moan,
I feel his dang'rous groan,
And deep difficult ſigh;
I ſee his earneſt eye,
Which motionleſs, and void of light
Each atom magnified affects with ſore affright.

Could native ſympathy befriend,
A nation's wiſhes would attend
With ſorrow's unremitting care,
And faith and piety of pray'r,
To charm his pains, and change his fears,
And bathe his burning palms with cooling drops of tears.

Miniſters of life and light,
Let Mercy's melting voice invite
The ſpeedy aid of your indulgent flight:

With Health and Hope's moſt holy ſmile
His unhappy hours beguile;
Such medicating meſſage bring,
As words divine diſclos'd to Zion's ſickly king.

Ode,

ON THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY,

AND

FOR THE COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL, CELEBRATED THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1789.

BARDS that ſleep in hallow'd vales,
Records of poetic tales;
Spirits of Pindaric fire,
And harps that emulate th' Olympic lyre:
Breathe the new triumphant ſong,
With voluntary verſe addreſs
Congenial Loyalty's ſucceſs,
Such fav'rite themes to your diſtinguiſh'd arts belong.

Gather laurels of renown,
Wreathe the military crown;
Round each youthful temple twine
Conqueſt's freſh unfading ſign.
Ev'ry muſe a garland ſends,
Many a wiſh the gift attends,
Their fond congratulations to repeat,
And make th' applauſe of Freedom's prize compleat.

See their ſons' auguſt array,
Whoſe lively motion imitates
The youth * in independence' evil day,
Whoſe bold and active impulſe clos'd their gates.
Heſitation's fled——
By ſteady reſolution led,
Their warlike preparations call
Aſſembled arms and engines to protect their wall.

Now war's wide waſting train,
Rapine, Diſeaſe, and other phantoms dire,
To Deſolation give the looſen'd rein,
To ſatisfy her unallay'd deſire:
And from the hoſtile tent
With murd'ring menace ſent,
Deſpair and Peſtilence collect their cruel band
Of all the dang'rous deaths that ſieges muſt withſtand.

Diſtemper's various form,
Like ſome untimely ſtorm,
Deranges ev'ry nerve of niceſt ſenſe,
And withers all the veins with ſickly impotence.

* The Apprentice Boys, who ſhut the gates againſt King James's ſoldiers, while the Governor and Council were deliberating about admitting them into the town.

Infectious Fever's raving rage,
And thin Conſumption's ling'ring ſighs unite;
And Cholic's twiſting tortures all engage
With pond'rous Dropſy's thirſty appetite.

Behind the haggard crowd
With ſhrivel'd ſinews bow'd,
A famiſh'd ſpectre hideous to behold!
Like the witch that wand'ring goes
On icy Lapland's level ſnows,
At night's congealing noon
To enchant the chilly moon;
Or Endor's, for familiar ſpirits fam'd of old.
Her vitals thro' her hollow eyes appear,
That ſcarce ſupply'd the ſubſtance of a tear,
And on her bare contracted ſhoulders hung
A ragged raiment worn,
In hungry anguiſh torn,
And oft ſhe lick'd her livid lips with craving tongue.
Health faints infeſted by her bitter breath;
Pale ſkinny ſkeleton of neighb'ring Death.

The ſiſter Deities that long withſtood
The ſtern effuſions of a people's blood,
No more with innate zeal inſpir'd,
But by their votaries' peſtilence ſubdu'd,
And wounds that groan'd in deep convulſive mood,
To ſafer ſcenes of ſolitude retir'd.

Where

Where curious dark antiquity divides
The narrow ſurges of the northern tides,
And where the giant's rocky path appears,
Unletter'd ruins of unnumber'd years,
The native Genius of the Iſle,
On its rough remoteſt pile,
In penſive ſadneſs ſat reclin'd,
Her treſſes trembling to the wind;
Her looſe ſtrung harp in ſlow lamenting ſtrain
Tun'd to the murmuring motions of the main,
And ev'ry paſſing gale her ſighs convey'd,
To other coaſts for long expected aid.

Celeſtial Liberty in worſe direction flies
To more extended ſeas, and more inclement ſkies;
And in a bare untrod retreat
She found a ſecret ſilent ſeat,
A place obſcure, of neither note nor name;
Where flow'r ſcarce mark'd the ſeaſon chang'd,
Nor bee on vernal verdure rang'd;
Or cuckoo in its paſſage ſeldom came.
But now in years of recent date,
A laudable expence repairs
With lib'ral hand and public cares
The rocky rudeneſs of its barren ſtate——
O premature and long lamented fate
Of our vice-regal chief! whoſe titles † grace
The difficult improvements of the place.

† Rutland.

The

The laſt remote memorial left behind
Of his exalted birth and eſtimable mind.
But then by no inducements led
To other climes fair Freedom's wiſhes fled,
Caſting oft her viſual beams:
Acroſs th' Atlantic's far obſtructing ſtreams:
And while ſhe gaz'd her earneſt rays inſpire
The diſtant world, that ſtill preſerves her faithful fire.

Now circling Fame, whoſe ſtarry eyes
Can penetrate the earth, and ſearch the ſkies ‡,
Perch'd on the Cathedral's ſpire
Surveys the neighb'ring flood,
Where many a languid look with keen deſire
Fed on the promiſe of approaching food.
She rais'd her rapid flight
On plumage large and light,
Like Juno's bird with ſpangled train,
Or Heav'n's broad bow produc'd by painted rain;
Her tinctur'd pinions ſpread ſo wide
They touch'd the north and weſtern tide,
And when ſhe mov'd her trumpet tongue,
The brazen accents loud
Re-echoing from the cloud,
Thro' the coaſt's cloſeſt caverns rung:

Where

‡ Ingrediturque ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Virgil.

Where either goddeſs lay conceal'd
The lynx-ey'd centinel reveal'd;
And both with ſounding voice addreſſes
In their ſep'rate lone receſſes.
Siſter Guardians of the iſle,
Ceaſe your ſighs, return and ſmile;
Heal the anguiſh of your fear,
Haſte with me relief is near.

By this reviving invitation cheer'd,
Ev'ry feature of their ſoul
Rul'd with more ſerene controul,
In ſoft and ſettled motions now appear'd:
On either wing the nymphs reclin'd,
Whoſe ſpeed contended with the wind,
The airy plumes at will diſplay'd
Contract as ſoon the circuit they had made,
Till on contiguous tow'rs the pinions meet,
Where hungry hope awaits the victualling fleet.

The city's deſolated doors
Had iſſu'd forth its leſſen'd ſtores,
And round the walls had ſpread its ghaſtly crowds,
Like Death's pale victims ſtiffen'd in their ſhrouds;
Liker the tenants of that charnal vale §,
When bone to bone its parted joint prepares

§ See Ezekiel xxxvii.

Obedient

Obedient to the tragic ‖ Prophet's pray'rs,
And o'er decaying duſt new ſigns of life prevail.

Intrepid Browning * ſtemm'd the flood,
And with conſpicuous colours ſtood
Againſt the tranſverſe boom,
That barr'd the paſſage of approaching food,
Beheld by the beſieg'd with greedy gloom:
The aſſailing troops ſurvey
Th' advent'rous pilot's cargo as their prey.
And hark, th' impetuous ſtroke!
The wat'ry engine of the famine's broke—
Such haſty hope the ſudden ſhock ſupplies,
Their clam'rous ſalutations reach the ſkies.
But ah! an unexpected bound
Changes its courſe, and runs the ſhip aground,
Involv'd in thund'ring ſpeed of fiery ſmoke.
Aſſembled ſuff'rers groan'd and gaz'd,
With reverential awe, and trembling terrors ſeiz'd.
But ſoon recoiling from her ſandy bed,
With maſt erect, and ſails triumphant ſpread
They ſee the keel releas'd—
Confuſion more encreas'd

‖ Dr. Lowth, in his Treatiſe, De Sacrâ Poeſi Hebræorum, compares Ezekiel to Æſchilus, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Iſaiah to Homer.

* Commander of the Dartmouth, the ſhip by which Derry was relieved.

The city's captives terrifies
With ill-diſtinguiſh'd joy of unconnected cries.

Nor e'er did ſhouts rejoicing ſo alarm,
Or call diſtracted troops to arm,
Since that invincible retreat,
When Greece's glorious thouſands made
A compaſs to their country ſo compleat,
Tho' by ſurrounding ſnows and barb'rous lands delay'd;
And from the mount's aſcent's ſupreme degree,
Whoſe ſacred ſummit bleſs'd their ſight
With tend'reſt proſpects of delight,
Contending tongues exclaim'd,—" The ſea, the ſea." †

From deſp'rate War's loud outrages releas'd,
By Hope's aſſurance amply fortified,
And with Proviſion's plenteous ſtores ſupplied,
Emaciate Famine's fits of carnage ceas'd;

† In the memorable retreat of the ten thouſand Greeks, they firſt beheld the ſea from the Top of Mount Theches, a ſight which recalled to their minds the remembrance of their long deſired country, and filled them with ſuch tranſports of joy, that the rear, alarmed by the acclamations of the van-guard, advanced with the greateſt expedition, prepared for the approach of ſome new enemy; but having reached the ſummit, their fears were converted into the moſt pleaſing aſtoniſhment.

Devout proceſſions of the church repair
With holy thanks of gratitude and pray'r:
The weak invaders from th' attack retire,
And with the faint return of light
Betray their ignominious flight,
Marking their march with wide malicious fire.
Auſpicious Peace her ſmiles benign reſtor'd,
And Revolution wav'd her liberating ſword.

Immortal names of ſoldiers bravely ſlain,
And barely buried on the bloody plain,
Burſt the leaden bonds of ſleep,
And the feſtive vigil keep;
Th' approaching period now appears
Revolving records of an hundred years.

Honor'd ſhades, ariſe, inſpire
Songs of loud triumphant praiſe,
Touch with true heroic fire
The ardent effort of the arduous lays;
For in no uſual ſtrains the lines ſhould ſoar,
When bells, and drums, and trumpets' notes unite
Their brazen concert to the cannon's roar,
And ev'ry noble heart exults with new delight.

Avaunt, diſhoneſt ſhade!
With treas'nous looks diſmay'd;

The faithful poet muſt diſclaim
To utter thy diſloyal name: †
Diſguiſe thy rebel face
With the mean garb of fugitive diſgrace,
Where neither ſight nor ſound thy refuge e'er may trace.

O ſacerdotal ſpirit, moſt rever'd!
Approach theſe rites thy conduct has endear'd;
The Muſe enamour'd of her lays
On Walker's ‡ mem'ry with a ſmile delays.
Maids and matrons all advance,
Gayly mixt in modeſt dance;
With becoming muſic meet
And with delib'rate ſongs your grand deliv'rer greet:
The laurel, palm, and poplar ſtrew,
And ev'ry hallow'd leaf, and each triumphant bough.

Like her § who led in Hebrew ſtrain
The choral Damſels' chanting train,

† Colonel Lundy, Governor of Londonderry; he attempted a ſecret plan of ſurrendering the city to King James, but his councils being diſcovered, he was obliged to make his eſcape under the diſguiſe of a porter.

‡ The Reverend Mr. Walker was choſen governor jointly with Major Baker, after the deſertion of Lundy.

§ "And Mariam the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Moſes and Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with ſongs and with dances." Exodus xv. 20.

When

When God's great Bard with paſtoral hand
Pointing to the promis'd land,
Set his choſen children free
From Pharoah's following hoſt, and the divided ſea.

And ſee the other champion comes;
While each conſpicuous fav'rite of his band,
Marching to martial melody of drums,
Preſerves the ſcarf on his defenſive hand:
And he diſplays the conqu'ring ſword that ſlew
The foremoſt leader of the foe, Mammou †.
Weave the prize of due renown,
The circle of the civic crown ‡;
O'er your brave defender's head
The orange flag of honour ſpread:
Salute his ſhade with ſounds of joy,
Let his ſpirit ſtill preſide,
Who was your great engagement's guide,
With more ſucceſs than Hector guarded Troy.

† The French general, killed in an engagement by Colonel Murray; the foregoing lines allude to his conduct in the diſtractions of the people, when Lundy's deſigns of betraying the town was made public: He directed all who were for defendiug it to diſtinguiſh themſelves by tying a white cloth round their left arms.

‡ A prize given by the Romans to thoſe who had ſaved the life of a citizen.

Departed Baker in the rear,
On whoſe untimely bier §
The City's genius ſhed the tributary tear,
Surveys with rapturous ſurprize
The freſh completion of his lateſt cares,
And object of his patriotic pray'rs,
When anxious hope exhauſted clos'd his eyes,
The memorable ſign his grief beguiles,
And cheers his dying ſighs with conſolation's ſmiles.

At diſtance ſtation'd, and in arms array'd,
With all ſurrounding pomp of war's parade,
The martial monarch mounts his ſteed,
Equal to th' æthereal breed,
That hurry'd Mars thro' files of war,
Or yok'd Hyperion's ſolar car;
His glorious ſuit the ſpirits join,
Who fought and conquer'd at the Boyne:
And thoſe approv'd in fields of previous fame,
Where Enniſkillen's ſons in arms had gain'd a name.
His regal temples crown'd,
With gilded laurels bound,
Eternal emblems of his reign renown'd;
And like the crimſon clouds, whoſe dye
Ornaments the ev'ning's ſky,
The cannon's ſmoky breath with trains of fire
Involv'd in various folds his light attire:

§ He died during the ſiege.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the milder triumphs he ſurvey'd,
Their loud exploſive ſounds in fainting murmurs fade.

Now blow the trumpet, dedicate the day,
Invent th' inſcription, and erect the pile;
Decree the trophy, and the date diſplay,
Thrice honor'd, thrice propitious to our iſle.
The firſt is thine, O righteous loyal town,
Preſerv'd by painful Victory's renown:
The next in Annals' pleaſing page ſhall ſhine
With Britain's crown confirm'd on Brunſwick's line;
The laſt, Fame's fav'rite theme no leſs appears,
And adds new glories to ſucceeding years;
A Kingdom's confidence ſalutes the morn †,
When three united Nations' happy heir was born.

† The 12th of Auguſt, 1762, the birth-day of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, by the adoption of the New Stile, correſponds with the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1689, the Relief of Londonderry, and with the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1714, the Acceſſion of King George the Firſt.

Epiſtle,

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

TO

ELIZABETH QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

☞ *The following Epiſtle is ſuppoſed to have been written between the Time of her Trial and her Execution.*

AT length my ſov'reign Siſter's reconcil'd,
Her ſummons came, I heard it and I ſmil'd.
Elizabeth and Mary hence are friends,
Reſentment's calm'd, and Competition ends——
My accuſation read, my ſentence ſeal'd,
My Death demanded, and no crime reveal'd;
The pains and perils of Oppreſſion ceaſe,
Deſpair like Penance gives my boſom peace:
My ſoul in gratitude expands its wings
To the juſt Judge of ſubjects and of kings;
My ſecond trial may be leſs ſevere
Than my long bondage has experienc'd here;
Pleas'd with the proſpect of a promis'd heav'n,
My cares are ſolac'd, and my foes forgiv'n.

Yet

Yet ere the ſpirit and the body part,
Accept the ſorrows of a dying heart;
Let Mary's pen her tedious anguiſh tell,
'Tis her laſt effort, and her long farewell.
For eighteen years in cloſe confinement's gloom,
I look for no releaſe, except the tomb;
With ſad ſolemnity of death poſſeſt,
No dawn of future days deceives my breaſt,
'Twere needleſs hope a reſpite to obtain,
My words were waſted in a taſk ſo vain:
'Tis no petition to avert my fate,
Or give my painful life a longer date;
No interceſſion with relentleſs foes
To grant a ling'ring period to my woes:
I bear their judgment with a mind ſerene,
And born a Princeſs, I ſhall die a Queen.
My ſupplications, tho' they oft have try'd
A little liberty, were oft deny'd;
For ſtill ſome falſe, or ſome officious ſlave
Deſtroys the hope, which you deſign to ſave,
Who with ſome ſhrewd inſinuating charm
Invents ſuſpicions of ſome hidden harm:
And by long-practis'd and deep-ſtudied art
Can utter words, which never reach'd the heart—
Stripp'd of a crown, and from my kingdom driv'n,
With no ſupport, ſave hopes in thee and Heav'n,
I ſought protection from a kindred throne,
And gain'd a priſon—but for guilt unknown.

When

When Fortune fails us Friendſhip ſtill retires,
Each fond profeſſion ſickens and expires;
Neglect ſucceeds; to Sorrow's ſuppliant tear
Grandeur diſdains to lend a liſt'ning ear;
While proſp'rous Pride its lib'ral ſmiles beſtows
Diſtreſs inſults it with a tale of woes;
Where Pomp repoſes Diffidence is rude,
And humble Pray'rs offend if they intrude.
In chains, in exile!—Did thy aid repair
A woman's weakneſs, and a mother's care?
Nor chains, nor exile vengeance ſatisfied,
But to the ſon the mother was belied:
He too, poor orphan, conquer'd and confin'd,
Expos'd to all the wrongs I left behind,
Was forc'd to ratify confed'rate rage,
His tears of childhood made the ſcoff of age;
My own ſevere afflictions were ſubdu'd,
When my fond heart the tender ſcene review'd.
Thus the weak bird, ſecure in ſecret reſt,
Is rous'd by ſome raſh peaſant off her neſt,
In penſive flight ſhe flutters thro' the grove,
With fears diſtracted and maternal love,
To her ſafe ſhade ſhe turns her longing eyes,
Emblem of me, and heeds not where ſhe flies.
My child, my crown, my life, my all were thine.
What did my fondneſs and my fears reſign?
O tempting hope! how ſtedfaſt then in thee!
A parent ſurely would have pity'd me.

The

The courſe of life's uncertain, unſecure,
The path imperfect, and the end obſcure;
From my low lot the uſeful moral learn,
And each unſeen viciſſitude diſcern:
Uneven retroſpect! ſhall I ſurvey
The early grandeur of my natal day
With ſtrange variety of fate renown'd,
An orphan's cradle, and an infant crown'd *.
Then Pow'r unites its titles to advance
Scotland's ſole heireſs to the throne of France †;
But immature a widow's ſtate I mourn'd,
And to Enthuſiaſts' loud rebukes return'd;
Too weak to guide, too gentle to command
Such bold inſurgents with a female hand——
Thro' my misfortunes all the chances ſee
That wait on crowns—Ah! think what you may be—
Oh! think at leaſt of days and dangers paſt,
With ſtrict reſtraint of freedom overcaſt:
A ſiſter's reign againſt a ſubject arm'd,
With jealous fears, and haſty zeal alarm'd;
Or turn your thoughts to years of earlier date,
With mine compare a guiltleſs mother's fate.

* James V. father of Mary, expired a few hours after her birth.

† Mary was firſt married at the age of eighteen to Francis II. who died ſhortly after his acceſſion to the crown of France.

In ſad captivity I ſigh and pray,
But cannot weep, my tears are drain'd away:
No ready ſervants wait their monarch's call,
But cruel keepers that inſult my fall;
No decent female to attend is near,
How ſhall I ſpeak it to a woman's ear?
No maids with modeſt office interpoſe
To reach their hand, or lead me to repoſe.
I pauſe abaſh'd, and with a bluſh complain
Of rig'rous uſage, and of rude diſdain.
Why would my foes extend their impious ſtrife
To cauſe my condemnation after life?
I am depriv'd of him † who ſhould control
The ſins and ſorrows of my ſickly ſoul;
Whoſe holy office and religious care
Confirms repentance with aſſiſting pray'r
Seals the eternal hope to be forgiv'n,
And grants aſſurance of a place in heav'n.
Irrev'rent Paulet † proud of his control,
Derides my worſhip, and diſturbs my ſoul;
His rough reproach my piety profanes,
And adds ſeverer pangs to other pains:

† She was forbid the aſſiſtance of her confeſſor to prepare her for her execution.

‡ Sir Amyas Paulet, who was entruſted with the direction of her impriſonment at the time of her trial and execution.

Tho'

Tho' ſlow infirmities my ſtrength impair,
Tho' ſorrows thin, and age has blanch'd my hair,
Pining and patient on the ground I lie,
No eaſy couch, nor fit apartment nigh;
Dark and alone, unable to relieve
What want requires, or weakneſs would receive:
Scarce is my body by my limbs ſuſtain'd,
With cold contracted, with diſeaſes pain'd.
Cloſe bolts and bars exclude the common light,
My day is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the night;
Round the wide walls a languid ray convey'd
Deepens my dungeon with a dimmer ſhade;
The plaintive murmurs of the pitying wind
Repeat my ſighs, the ſole reply I find,
While the waſte vaults prolong their echoing ſound,
And Death and Dangers compaſs me around.
A woman's wrongs what woman's heart can hide?
Diſtreſſes dictate—Let thy will decide.
Aw'd, and deluded, I reſign'd my cauſe
To Engliſh ſubjects, and to Engliſh laws;
Unheard, unaided, no advice, nor friend,
To guide my conduct, or my cauſe defend:
Who dare my reſtoration undertake
Since princely Norfolk ſuffer'd for my ſake?
Fruitleſs affection! his untimely love,
And Mary's ranſom both abortive prove;
None now appears by fond compaſſion led,
The bloody forfeit ſtamps deciſive dread.

Nor laws, nor age, nor innocence withſtand
The perſecutions of an impious hand:
A Queen! a Siſter! how could ſhe comply?
An injur'd Equal ſtrangely doom'd to die;
My rank, my title, and my ſex the ſame,
Half of thy blood, and heirs of Henry's * name;
By whom could Mary, tho' accus'd, be try'd?
By none but Kings—but Juſtice is defy'd.
Whence could theſe Lords my condemnation draw?
From Engliſh malice, not from Engliſh law;
The Nation's ſubjects have been oft embru'd
In treas'nous ſlaughter and in regal blood:
Nor laws, nor rev'rence, can their wrath confine,
Long vers'd in murders they proceed to mine;
When proofs pretended either fail, or fade,
They force Religion for reluctant aid;
The ſacred Scripture's † turn'd into my rod,
And words extorted from the word of God.
Thus the weak hind, by hungry hounds purſu'd,
Greedy for prey, and panting after blood,
Single and weary in the winding chace,
Her limbs relax'd decline the rapid race;

* Elizabeth was the grand-child of Henry VII. and Mary the great-grand-child, by his daughter Margaret married to James IV. of Scotland.

† The adverſaries of Mary, by a ſtrained conſtruction of ſome texts of ſcripture, endeavoured to evince the juſtice of their proceedings againſt her.

Faint and unfit their burden to ſuſtain,
Fatigu'd with flight, they totter on the plain:
Breathleſs and trembling, on the ground ſhe lies,
Seiz'd, and ſurrounded—mangled—gaſps—and dies.
O ſtrong diſtemper of extreme deſpair!
How frail is nature overworn with care;
Cold damps of terror all my joints bedew,
Attacks of ſtarting tremours then enſue:
Angels ſupport me from this fatal fear,
Deſcend and lead me to the bloody bier.
One ſudden blow, and all this horror's o'er,
A moment's torture, and I feel no more:
When the grim ruffians their laſt act perform,
And pale convulſions ſhall my face deform,
My body ſtreaming, and my head diſplay'd,
The common exclamation ſhall be made,
Whoſe loud inſulting ſignal ſhould explain
The diſmal triumph o'er a victim ſlain;
Remorſe and ſilence round the ſcaffold ſpread
Shall blame the living, and acquit the dead.
Oh! may ſome Martyr ſtill more guiltleſs bleed,
Ere num'rous generations ſhall ſucceed,
The land polluted with the laſting ſtain,
In future penitence may then remain,
Then ſhall the glories of my lengthen'd line
On Britain's throne with endleſs luſtre ſhine.
But now in dark funereal woes array'd,
Of courts and crowns theſe pleaſing proſpects fade;

Complaints are vain; my words, my voice is dead,
But wiſhes will ſurvive, tho' Hope is fled:
Nor Chriſtian Faith, nor Charity denies
The ſmall demands for which my pen applies:
I aſk few favours, do not then refuſe
Requeſts which Death with ſpeedy pace purſues:
Who hears unmov'd Misfortune's voice complain,
Their ſuit to Heav'n is ſurely made in vain.

My judges tho' unjuſt, my doom ſevere,
Yet let their ſentence free my ſoul from fear;
Let no aſſaſſin watch my lonely bed,
Nor pois'nous potion drag me to the dead:
I wait reſign'd th' event of thy decree,
That calm divorce 'twixt enmities and me.
Let ſome domeſtic partners of my woes
Attend my ſuff'rings at their final cloſe;
Permit their weeping preſence to atteſt
My firm perſuaſion awfully confeſt,
Before their verdict ſimple and ſincere
Let fictions vaniſh, and my faith appear,
That true tranſgreſſion in whoſe cauſe I die
Nor death ſhall change, nor torture ſhall deny.

When life is paſt, and all offences ceas'd,
And Mary's name from ſpiteful tongues releas'd;
Let my cold relics to my friends return,
Repoſe in France, and meet my mother's urn.
In Scotland all Religion's rites are ſtain'd,
The church demoliſh'd, and the tombs profan'd;

In Engliſh graves how can my bones be bleſt,
Where adverſe zealots never gave me reſt.
Oh! grant this laſt, this unavailing grace
By Tudor's name, by all our royal race.
My earthly cares in theſe ſad lines are giv'n,
All other hopes and wiſhes reſt in Heav'n.

THE Palace of Pleaſure;

AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

A YOUTH thro' paths of tempting pleaſure led,
Retir'd, fatigu'd, and ſenſeleſs ſought his bed;
Sated with wine, and riotous delight,
He ſlept, and clos'd the revels of the night,
In dreams of Fancy's faſhion ſeem'd to riſe
A ſtately fabric, dazzling to the eyes:
His ſteps attracted ſpeedily purſue
The glorious object, ſo ſuperb and new;
The ready paſſage free acceſs ſupply'd,
That each reſearch might ſoon be ſatisfy'd;
Th' inviting door with tinkling muſic rung,
Wide ſtood the valves on eaſy hinges hung;
Rais'd on a lofty throne, whoſe richneſs ſhines,
Like maſſy diamonds ſparkling from the mines,
The ſeeming Goddeſs of the place appears;
Array'd in beauty and the bloom of years;
A flaming Phenix, whoſe extended wings
In pearly pomp ſurpaſs'd the crowns of kings,
With purple plumage as a meteor ſpread
A circling canopy around her head:

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of her charms, he ſtood amaz'd,
And loſt in wonder, paus'd awhile, and gaz'd.
With graceful mien deſcending from her chair,
He mark'd the glitt'ring ringlets of her hair;
Her coſtly robe compos'd of many a fold,
Was wrought with ſpangled ſtars of gems and gold,
Which round the dome diffus'd their various rays,
With bright reflection's intermitting blaze.
Her voice harmonious thus the ſilence broke,
And in benign perſuaſive accents ſpoke.
" Stranger, advance; diveſt thy thoughts of fear,
Nor pain, nor danger finds admiſſion here,
Thro' all this ſpacious manſion I command,
And treat my ſubjects with a lib'ral hand;
The ſons of Earth with ev'ry joy I bleſs,
They call me Pleaſure, Child of Happineſs.
Welcome, brave youth; my fortunes thou ſhalt ſhare,
Releas'd from ſorrow, and remote from care;
Within my court celeſtial mirth thou'lt ſee,
And live, and reign in endleſs love with me."
With rapturous admiration he ſurvey'd
Th' enchanting features of the radiant maid:
At length emerging from his deep ſurpriſe,
With falt'ring heſitation he replies:——
" Fain would my heart its grateful feeling tell,
And its preſumptuous wiſhes here to dwell—"
His hand ſhe ſeizes, and with ſmile divine
Conducts him, not unwilling, to her ſhrine.

There

There ſweeteſt minſtrelſy ſalutes his ear,
And all his doubts diſperſe, and diſappear;
A band of nymphs in ſnowy veſts array'd,
In regular rotation ſung and play'd,
A ſumptuous banquet on the table food,
Of choiceſt fruits and rich ambroſial flood:
Plac'd on a Tyrian couch at eaſe they dine,
And quaff whole cups of pure nectareous wine.
The feaſt was finiſh'd, and the bowl went round—
The muſic ceas'd—he heard an alter'd ſound—
Aw'd and alarm'd, he ſtarted from his ſeat—
And, lo! an op'ning pit beneath his feet!
From whence proceeded loud and mingled cries
Of piercing ſhrieks, and ſobs, and groans, and cries.
She then addreſs'd him: Dauntleſs and ſecure,
See thoſe who ſcorn my hoſpitable door,
There doom'd in laſting miſery to lie,
They call on fate, and wiſh in vain to die;
But bound in bitt'reſt anguiſh they remain,
And bear the ſmarting ſcourge of vengeful Pain.
Behold each daring project is deſtroy'd,
Still in their ſlender forms by Life employ'd.
There Pride repining languiſh'd in deſpair,
And Frenzy rent her wild entangled hair;
Pale ſallow Poverty with raiment torn,
And ruin'd Love ſat penſive and forlorn.
And Blaſphemy, whoſe impious mirth defies
Religion's teſt with rude unhallow'd lies,

With

With all his drunken Devotees complain'd
Of ſcorching thirſt, and limbs convuls'd and chain'd,
While Imprecation's idleſt wrath revil'd
The truth, their looſe prophaneneſs had defil'd.
There Suicide, in burning fetters bound,
Still held the weapon reeking in its wound,
And trembling at the blood himſelf had ſhed,
With raving voice, and hands yet hot and red,
He gaſps and ſtarts, and feels the ſtings of fire,
As ſentenc'd felons in ſlow pangs expire.
While furious phantoms in proceſſion walk,
And mock their pains with loud inſulting talk.
His ſwelling heart pants with a pitying ſigh;
He ſtoop'd to view them with a tearful eye.
What grief, what horror his kind boſom rends,
To ſee the torments of his deareſt friends!
His comrades rul'd by Folly's falſe decrees,
Condemn'd to linger in ſome ſore diſeaſe.
As cloſe he lean'd to take a cloſe ſurvey,
She puſh'd with force the tumbling couch away,
And headlong falling—with the ſhock he woke,
And thus, recov'ring from his panic, ſpoke:—
"Inſidious Syren! have I 'ſcap'd thy ſnare?
Is this the endleſs bliſs I was to ſhare?
Thus from the brink of deep deſtruction driv'n,
To dwell an outcaſt from the ſight of Heav'n.
Is this the fate ordain'd for thoſe who ſtray
In flatt'ring Vice's ſmooth alluring way?

Will fooliſh man reſign his ſlender age
To a lewd Sorcereſs' malicious rage?
In ſoft delights his fleeting moments ſpend,
And ne'er regard the ruins that impend?
How poor the purchaſe! when we but obtain
A Day of Pleaſure for long Years of Pain."

THE

THE

Night-mare.

IN ſome deep vault's damp manſion of the dead,
Where Silence makes the grave her ſecret bed,
Flat on the floor here lay the Hag of Night,
Miſhap'd and hideous was the ſlothful ſprite;
Her goggling eye-balls glaring ſhun'd the day,
And watch'd impatient each departing ray:
'Till gloomy darkneſs with the rayleſs ſhade
Of cloudy robes the midnight orbs array'd,
And round the centre of her dim domain
In languid motions drove her tardy wain.
When gaunt grim wolves, whoſe direful diſcords howl
To the ſad ſcreamings of the odious owl,
And ravens perching o'er the new-made grave,
Croaking and hoarſe the ſeaſon's ſignal gave:
The monſt'rous-featur'd phantom then prepares
Th' obſcure enchantments of her ſick'ning ſnares;
From putrid gore ſhe ſuck'd her morbid ſpell,
And ſtalk'd terrific from her loathſome cell;
From charnel ſtall on ſleepy poppies fed
The ſhapeleſs imp her Mare night-wand'ring led:

Her

Her head ſhe trammels with a twiſted rein,
And mounts the ſtirrups of her matted mane,
She ſtrides her neck, and with infectious thong
She laſh'd the lazy limping beaſt along.
Thro' dales and brambles, heath, and bog, and fen,
Devious ſhe ſtray'd, and ſhun'd the tracks of men;
She ſnuffs the air, her ſcent ſagacious ſought
Some ſorrowing wretch with reſtleſs anguiſh fraught.
Some love-lorn maid, deſpondent and diſtreſt,
Some widow'd dame with lonely grief depreſt,
Some hapleſs exile from his kindred driv'n,
Some man of guilt that looks diſmay'd to Heav'n,
Some youth in hope's beſt expectations croſt,
Who ſleepleſs pines, his peace and ſlumbers loſt;
She opes the lock with witchcraft-working wiles,
Unheard approaches, and malignant ſmiles:
The nauſeous fumes that iſſu'd from her breath
Were damp and chilling as the dews of death;
Their vap'rous venom dull contagions ſpread,
And painful languors round the patient's bed.
As ſome tall ſtatue of gigantic form,
Shot from its baſe by the reſiſtleſs ſtorm,
With quick concuſſion ſtrikes the trembling ground—
A ſilent ſhock ſucceeds the ſudden ſound.
Thus on her prey the lumpiſh fury throws
Her maſſy weight, the blood no longer flows,
The heart appall'd, ſuſpended, cold remains,
Still is the pulſe, and ſtagnant all the veins;

Numb

Numb and relax'd the ſtupid victim lies,
Senſe, ſpeech, and motion in a moment flies:
Stretch'd and depreſs'd, an emblem of the dead,
With limbs like marble, and a heart like lead;
'Till the grim fiend with ghaſtly growling mourns
Th' approach of light, and to her cave returns.

THE

Spaniel and the Lap-dog.

A FABLE.

AMONG the meaneſt faults we ſee
The worſt is Self-ſufficiency.
The youth of fortune, birth and fame,
Conſcious and proud of whence he came,
Thinks the extent of his eſtate
Enough to make him wiſe and great,
Ne'er wiſhes to encreaſe his merit,
Nor other's virtues to inherit.
He calls the ſtudious lad a fool,
Who waſtes his time at books and ſchool,
And in deriſion holds the youth,
Who in the ſtraight purſuit of truth,
And to Inſtruction's voice inclin'd
Improves his native worth of mind.
But not the wealthy heir alone
Is to theſe ſelfiſh vices prone,
The peer elated ſomething higher
Diſdains the clumſy country ſquire;
The ſquire from hardy toils exempt
Looks on the farmer with contempt;

The farmer too, like other fools,
The poor mechanic ridicules:
Thus arrogance will ſometimes fall
On high and low, and great and ſmall;
Excuſe me then, 'tis my intent
On coxcombs only to comment.

Miſs Ann, an heireſs pert and gay,
Who figur'd at the ball and play,
A fav'rite puppy nicely fed,
Oft comb'd his hair and ſtrok'd his head;
'Till pamper'd with indulgence rare,
And fondly dandled by the fair,
He thought his manners quite refin'd,
And ſcorn'd the reſt of beſtial kind.
In the ſame houſe on homely food
Was rear'd a ſpaniel ſure and good,
Who at his maſter's order run,
And lov'd the muſic of his gun:
Once on a froſty winter's day,
As near the hearth Fop baſking lay,
Ranger approach'd the parlour door,
And ent'ring pac'd acroſs the floor;
Fop, rous'd with paſſion, rais'd his hair,
And cry'd, You, cur, you make me ſtare,
How durſt a ſlave like you preſume
To ſet his face within the room?
A beggar in a ſtable nurs'd,
And by rude ſportſmen kick'd and curs'd;

A wretch, whoſe art, whoſe knowledge flows
From what a ruſtic fowler knows,
Who mindful of the laſh's ſmart
Has got his teacher's words by heart;
You fright me with your frizly locks——
Go, ſpring your grouſe, and fluſh your cocks,
Nor think with ſuch as me to mix,
Who travel in a coach-and-ſix.
The Spaniel baſhfully reply'd,
I own your charge can't be deny'd;
Correction's rod I've felt 'tis true,
My beſt deſerts to it are due:
If chaſtiſement awhile offends
Inſtruction makes us ample 'mends;
Whoe'er their teacher's words neglect,
Or treat his care with diſreſpect,
Can ne'er the ſpring of learning find,
Nor add a luſtre to the mind:
Had I untutor'd paſs'd my days,
I ne'er had gain'd my maſter's praiſe;
By his ſage leſſons well improv'd,
I'm now eſteem'd, careſs'd and lov'd.
The greateſt genius Heav'n beſtows,
If bound inactive, little knows;
For Learning's pure enliv'ning art
Enlights the mind and forms the heart:
'Tis like the precious golden ore,
Which, crude and uſeleſs on the ſhore,

Lie

Lies till the Artiſt's ſkilful hand,
Extracts the metal from the ſand.
Poor Fop, convinc'd by what he ſaid,
Was quite abaſh'd, and hung his head.
Thus many a weak unpractis'd youth
By folly led from ſearch of truth,
Aſſumes a proud important air,
Contempt or cenſure to declare,
Deciſive judge of that or this,
To paint what's perfect or amiſs.
Deluded boy, preſumptive, vain!
What can theſe froward paſſions gain?
Nor haughty ſhow of audy pride
An empty ignorance can hide;
Nor confidence nor ſelf-conceit
Can make thy name renown'd or great:
Not ev'n a coronet can grace
A worthleſs and degen'rate race;
Ignoble actions learn to ſcorn,
And Virtue will thy birth adorn.

THE

Abuſe of Abilities.

AN EPIGRAM.

VORACIOUS ravens teach their brood
With ſenſe acute the ſcent of blood;
The daiſied fields ſuffice the lamb,
That learns its forage from its dam;
The bee o'er flow'ry fragrance roams
To form their waxen-vaulted combs:
In brutal tribes the ſame deſire
Purſues the inſtinct of their ſire;
But man, a more erroneous creature,
Perverts the eaſy rules of nature.
The faſhion'd fop of ſlender ſhape
The ſoldier's ſaſh and ſword muſt ape,
And lads of loudeſt flippant voice
As vainly make the law their choice;
While dullneſs dormant in the brain
The Goſpel's ſecrets would explain.
Sharp inſult this, ye ſons of war,
Sad cenſure to the Church and Bar;
Hence many battles have been loſt,
And ſuits diſmiſs'd with ſo much coſt:
To pulpits ſleepy ſinners nod,
Untaught, alas! to worſhip God.

THE

THE

Stolen Kiſs.

WHILE Phœbe ſung the Doctor ſlept,
I gueſs 'twas but in guile,
And Phillis to his ſofa crept
With ſweet enſnaring ſmile.

His eyes were clos'd, the lips that feel
The tend'reſt touch of bliſs,
Were ſtill awake, ſhe ſtoop'd to ſteal
A ſoft and ſudden kiſs.

He caught the thief, with viſage blithe
Demanded what ſhe'd won:
But lib'rally revers'd the tithe,
And gave her nine for one.

A gift ſo rev'rend and polite
The bluſhing nymph approves,
A debt repaid with more delight
Than twice ten pair of gloves.

AN

Elegiac Ode.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

TURN to the fallen leaves your eyes,
Ye thoughtleſs ſons of men,
Behold how pale their verdure lies,
Which ne'er can bloom again.

The breath of Spring protrudes the buds,
Which Summer fully forms,
Autumn diſrobes the ſhady woods
With deſolating ſtorms.

So do our weeks, our months, our years,
In ſwift ſucceſſion fly,
The preſent hour no more appears,
But while 'tis running by.

Then what's the longeſt life when paſt?
'Tis but a fleeting dream;
And all our days, ev'n while they laſt,
Are but a gliding ſtream.

From

From hence, ye young and proſp'rous, learn
Time's changes to ſurvey,
And in theſe little lines diſcern,
Its ſhort and haſty ſtay.

Since then our Seaſons are but few,
And of uncertain date,
Our age which nothing can renew,
Rul'd by reſiſtleſs fate;

Since in one cold and common grave
The poor and wealthy lie,
And ſince the Monarch and the Slave
Without diſtinction die;

Why ſhould hard Fortune give us pain,
Tho' fickle and unkind,
All earthly things are weak and vain,
Inconſtant as the wind.

Nor think, ye rich, ye proud, ye gay,
Your pleaſures ſtill ſhall laſt,
But think there ſoon muſt come a day,
When all theſe joys are paſt.

For ſcarce a ſtory that we tell
Of ancient date or new,
But Fortune's faithleſs frowns full well
Exhibits to our view.

And he with higheſt honours crown'd
Whoſe riſing fame is told,
And he for warlike worth renown'd
And deeds of conduct bold,.

Like this dull ſeaſon of the year,
When Nature's beauties fade,
Soon ſhrinking on the ſilent bier
To kindred duſt's convey'd.

Then learn, ye wealthy and ye proud,
The pow'rful ſtroke of fate,
Which levels with the common crowd,
The man who once was great.

And oft reflect in your ſucceſs,
From cares ſecure and free,
Time's fleeting ſtate may bring diſtreſs,
Some deep diſtreſs on thee.

For, ah! how ſubject to decay,
And frail are human things:
And who, alas! can tell to-day
What change to-morrow brings.

Nor let the heart deſpiſe or ſcorn
The humble and the poor,
For all mankind alike are born
Heav'n's mandate to endure.

Song,

IN THE CHARACTER OF WERTER.

HOW long will ſhe ſmile and deceive me?
No time ſhall my paſſion remove;
Her looks may of reaſon bereave me,
But never ſhall leſſen my love.
For thee I have wander'd the mountains,
And left my companions behind;
With tears I have ſwell'd the clear fountains,
And waſted my ſighs to the wind.

When morning ſhall paint the firſt flow'r,
I'll gather them ſprinkled with dew,
At ev'ning I twine me a bow'r
From branches of willow and yew.
Oh! hither and hear me complaining,
My funeral garland prepare,
And if you have pity remaining,
O lend it to one in deſpair.

Since thou art diſpos'd to deny me,
And pay no regard to my pain,
Theſe eyes you delighted ſhall fly thee,
I'll never offend thee again.

'Tis

'Tis certain deſtruction to ſever,
I'll leave thee, but where ſhall I ſtray?
When gone I am baniſh'd for ever,
My life will endure no delay.

'Tis now my laſt time of returning,
My grief ſhall ſubdue my deſire;
If fondneſs is puniſh'd with mourning,
How fatal, alas! to admire.
Farewell, my diſtraction is over,
The day that I wiſh'd for is near,
When duſt my cold body ſhall cover,
Bedew my green grave with a tear.

Elegy,

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN CONINGHAM, ESQ.

THOU *, who lamenteſt long the fav'rite ſhade,
Of ſocial Merit's immature decay,
And viſit'ſt oft where his remains are laid
The lonely duſt with mem'ry's fond delay:
Thy friendly feelings and thy ſong require
An elegiac ſympathy to mourn;
Wilt thou accept the wiſh, that would aſpire
To ſuit thy cares to celebrate his urn:
Tho' with no equal numbers I purſue
The plaintive theme, nor with condolence due.

Yet Fancy flatter'd wakes the Dorian ſtrings,
Whoſe notes in grave and ſolemn accents flow;
And to thy mild demand its tribute brings
With pleas'd compliance, tho' proceeding ſlow:
For oft endeav'ring, I as oft deſpair
To ſee my pen produce the tuneful line,
Or weave the perfect verſe that might compare
With theſe ſincere, expreſſive ſtrains of thine,

* This Elegy was addreſſed to a gentleman, who ſent the author ſome verſes on the death of Mr. Coningham, and requeſted him to write on the ſame ſubject.

With Veneration's cordial truth convey'd,
And faithful to his endleſs abſence paid.

Nor haſt thou try'd to rear on arduous lays
The hidden ſilence of a ſinking name,
Nor taught thy pen to dedicate its praiſe
To wealth unworthy of diſtinguiſh'd fame.
The tend'rer duties other thoughts impart,
More willing notes record the ſocial ſigh,
And ſoft effuſions native of the heart
Tranſport Affection's ſorrows to the ſky.
There Friendſhip's ſignal ſhall ſurvive and ſave
His kindred Virtues from th' oblivious grave.

To deck a trophy where his relicks reſt
What Bard the pious office can refuſe,
With ode or anthem ſuitably addreſt
To ſolace and aſſiſt the penſive Muſe;
Nor can the Muſe the honeſt taſk diſdain,
That joins Affliction's amicable aid
To wake rememb'rance in the pureſt ſtrain,
To Coningham's benign and honour'd ſhade,
Lo! each congenial ſpirit ſhall unite
With grateful homage and according rite.

Nor ſhall his city † ceaſe her kind regret,
Nor her aſſemblies on ſome future day
His dignified appearance then forget,
Or modeſt voice of Magiſterial ſway;

† Londonderry.

Amidſt

Amidſt the gay reſort of public ſtate,
While thro' the ſtreets the full proceſſion led,
The glorious æra ſhall commemorate,
Some for his loſs the private tear will ſhed,
Enroll'd with anceſtors, whoſe ſons renew
Their mighty actions in minute review.

When on the board the annual feaſt's prepar'd,
And popular applauſe exalts the heart;
And when the ſweet domeſtic banquet's ſhar'd,
And each familiar friend repines to part;
Then oft a ſigh its longing ſhall beguile,
And breathe its ſadneſs o'er his vacant chair,
And oft ſuppreſs the gay convivial ſmile,
For want of him who oft preſided there.
When in aſſociate ſongs the night is ſpent,
Their ſep'rate ſorrows ſhall his loſs lament.

And when returning periods ſhall inſpire
The youthful Genius, that protects the place,
And choral bands, and military attire,
And ſtreaming banners diff'rent movements grace:
The guardian Sylphs, with dewy ſpices ſpread,
Shall round his tomb in ev'ning vigils meet,
And fix an orange garland at his head,
The wand's official emblem at his feet.
Offer'd to Heav'n their oriſons aſcend,
To praiſe the patriot, and applaud the friend.

And thou, in whoſe retaining boſom glows
  Affection's ſure and undiminiſh'd flame,
In Hope's celeſtial ſolace ſeek repoſe,
  Which reunites each dear departed name:
Life's buſy changes vary as the ſtreams,
  Its tranſient viſions paſs with ſpeed away,
Its faireſt proſpects end in empty dreams,
  In ſhort and ſudden ſlumbers of the clay,
    'Till warning Angels hallelujahs ſing,
    And the Grave's conqueſts ceaſe, and Death
      reſigns his ſting.

Leonora;

AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

THE ſweeteſt flow'rs, that ſcent the breath of morn,
Are firſt collected, and the firſt that fade;
The faireſt face that Nature's gifts adorn,
In this plain grave is hidden and decay'd.

Ye lonely ruins, whoſe ſurrounding ſhade
Encloſe, and conſecrate this ſod of reſt;
Scarcely can courts where beauty ſhines diſplay'd,
Produce, or boaſt of one ſuperior gueſt.

Then hail, departed image of the bleſt,
Life's cup of cares is clearly drain'd away;
No fickly ſighs thy lovelineſs moleſt,
Calm thy repoſe on pillows of the clay.

The happy hope of man's immortal day
Conſoles the ſorrows of thy ſwift decline;
But long divided by Death's dark delay!
Altho' I dare not chide—I may repine.

Theſe trees, whoſe wintry verdure ſhades thy ſhrine,
Shall mark thy manſion to the mourner's view,
About whoſe boughs the ivy tendrils twine
In wreaths that weep with drops of early dew.

Here let me leave a long and laſt adieu;
While loſt in mournful muſing I revere
Thy name's remembrance, recent yet and new,
Thy charms ſurvive to claim Reflection's tear.

Had I beheld thee borne upon thy bier,
How had the fountains of affliction flow'd
With ſtreams encreaſing as thy corſe drew near
The cold reception of this dark abode.

Oh! might my bones beſide thy aſhes lie,
To riſe in thy attendance to the ſky.

Ode,

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK I.

Sic te Diva potens Cypri, &c.

YE potent ſpirits, if ſuch ſpirits be,
Who rule the winds, and calm the reſtleſs ſea;
Bind all your blaſts, except the Weſtern gales,
And while the friendly veſſel bears
The precious object of my cares,
Direct the helm, and hoiſt the ſteady ſails.

Cyprian Venus, queen divine!
Let thy uſeful ſtar appear;
With propitious luſtre ſhine,
Aid my wiſh, and eaſe my fear:
My anxious heart, my eyes reluctant gave
Their pledge entruſted to the pathleſs wave.
May Leda's twins their guardian taſk divide,
And ſmooth with level ray the rudeneſs of the tide.

Daring

Daring venture, firſt to face
All the foaming ocean's rage:
How could man's frail mortal race
With ſuch fights of Death engage?
Stars and clouds portending ſtorms,
Yawning monſters, frightful forms;
Lightning's darts, and hidden rocks,
Hills of waves, and thunder's ſhocks.

But man's preſumption would aſpire to Heav'n,
To ſail the unſeen air, and mount the ſky;
The ſport of winds, by diff'rent currents driv'n,
Where vapours vaniſh, and where eagles fly.
Tho' ſtrong invention frame the ſwift machine,
And chymic art inflate the ſilken ſphere;
Behold the barge toſt in the wide ſerene!
Nor cordage turns, nor helm can ſteer,
Nor anchor ſtays its wild career.

Tho' pens have prais'd, and ſages have admir'd
The arduous effort and adventurous flight;
What have th' aerial paſſengers acquir'd,
Tho' ſome have ſoar'd beyond the reach of ſight,
But death, diſtreſs, and perilous affright?
More than days and tales of old
In legendary language told.

The

The blameleſs Hero, whom the Grecians ſing,
At length by impious raſhneſs borne,
Attempted Heav'n on Pegaſean wing——
But ere his ſpeed the ſpace could gain,
Fall'n on th' unknown Aleian plain,
He wander'd there in ſolitude forlorn.

And he whom artful pinions rais'd
Above the wiſer and the middle way,
To where th' exalted æther blaz'd,
Approaching near the ſun's meridian ray,
Scorning his father's dictates to obey,
Transfer'd his name to the Icarian coaſt;
Their unſucceſsful enterprize ſurvey,
The firſt deſerted, and the latter loſt.

Maguire, who choſe the dang'rous courſe to brave,
And gain'd the ſummit and ſtupendous ſteep,
Daſh'd on the rough erroneous wave,
Lay long exhauſted on the length'ning deep.
Concurring accidents combin'd
To reſcue him from waters and the wind,
Reliev'd by ſtrangers while relations weep.

But Phæton's more unreſtrain'd deſire
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ſet the earth on fire:
Whoſe mortal hands would guide the burning car,
That ſcorches worlds, and dazzles ev'ry ſtar——
Alas!

Alas! remembrance haſtens from the Po,
From drops of amber, tears of fabled woe,
To fields of real diſtreſs,
That ev'ry thought depreſs.
Ah! why will memory revive,
Or contemplation o'er their fall ſurvive?
Thine and thy comrade's moſt deplor'd Roſſierre!
Which ſenſibility muſt ſtart to hear,
While horror ſhudd'ring ſheds the ſympathetic tear.

THE

THE

TWENTY-SECOND ODE, FIRST BOOK,

OF

HORACE,

TRANSLATED.

Integer vitæ, ſceleris purus, &c.

THE righteous man of life ſincere,
From guilt and from injuſtice clear,
Needs neither ſword, nor bow, nor quiver's ſtore
Of pois'nous pointed arrows, ting'd in viper's gore.

Whether thro' ſeas and ſultry ſkies,
Or wintry waſtes his journey lies,
Or unfrequented hills conceal'd with ſnow,
Or where enchanted ſtreams renown'd in fable flow.

For wand'ring in the lonely grove,
And muſing on the maid I love,
As paſt th' accuſtom'd path I chanc'd to ſtray,
A wolf I ſpy'd, which fled from his defenceleſs prey.

Not

Alas! remembrance haſtens from the Po,
From drops of amber, tears of fabled woe,
To fields of real diſtreſs,
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And muſing on the maid I love,
As paſt th' accuſtom'd path I chanc'd to ſtray,
A wolf I ſpy'd, which fled from his defenceleſs prey.

Not

Not ſuch the monſtrous beaſts that breed,
And in the thickeſt foreſts feed;
Nor where the thirſty lion fiercely reigns
In his own deſert dens, and Afric's ſandy plains.

Place me where Zephyrs never yield
Freſh breezes to the frozen field,
Where conſtant clouds th' inclement ſky deform,
And Winter's wildeſt winds ſtill drive the whirling
ſtorm.

Or place me near the burning zone,
Beneath the ſun in lands unknown;
Her fav'rite charms theſe perils ſhall beguile,
Whoſe lips ſo ſweetly ſpeak, and yet more ſweetly
ſmile.

A

Poetical Tranſlation

OF THE

PETITION,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN PRESENTED BY

THE WIFE OF ALMAS ALI CAWN;

WHO WAS LATELY SEIZED UPON, AND PUT TO DEATH FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES, IN INDIA.

TO thee, great Servant of the firſt of Kings,
An humble ſlave her ſad Petition brings;
To her ſubmiſſive pray'r a pardon give,
And let the parent of her children live.

Moſt Mighty, may thy God's beſt bleſſings wait
With unimpair'd abundance at thy gate;
May rays of glory ſhine around thy head,
And od'rous gales divine infuſions ſhed:
May happieſt Hope, thy never-failing friend,
And Honour ſmiling, on thy ſteps attend.
May all thy days encreaſe with new delights,
Nor pains nor ſorrows diſcompoſe thy nights:

May Peace's ſofteſt pillow kiſs thy cheek,
With dreams as gay as guiltleſs Fancy ſeeks,
May thy old age in eaſy pleaſures cloſe,
And Death's ſlow curtain ſhade thy laſt repoſe;
May Life's late lamp with gentle breath expire,
Nor one rude blaſt moleſt its fading fire:
May watchful Angels ev'ry aid ſupply,
And guard and guide thy ſpirit to the ſky.

Oh! let the voice of my complaint procure
Short reſpite from the ills I long endure;
And hearken to a ſervant's ſuppliant pray'r,
And the fond father of my children ſpare;
Preſerve the dear partaker of my bed,
With his life's loſs the hopes of mine are fled.
Conſider, ſacred Sir, we have not made
The treaſures of iniquity our trade;
What we inherit was the gift of Heav'n,
To a large line of rich forefathers giv'n:
In thoſe bleſt days ere the reſiſtleſs roar
Of Britain's thunder ſhook our ſmiling ſhore;
When the free natives of Indoſtan's plains
Reap'd their own harveſts, and enjoy'd their gains.
Think will the gracious God, whom you obey,
With eyes appeas'd the bloody ſcene ſurvey:
Obſerve his word, and Heaven's beheſts fulfil:—
"Wrong not thy neighbour's cauſe, and do not kill."

My

My Almas Ali to my arms reſign,
And all our wealth and ornaments are thine:
Let all theſe ſparkling pearls become thy prey,
But do not take his harmleſs life away.
Behold his brow, where innocence reclines,
An heart of mercy dictates his deſigns:
Thro' diſtant deſarts let us wand'ring go,
Contented comrades of each other's woe;
Or let us toil depriv'd of hut and home,
In thoſe once pleaſant ſpots that were our own;
But ſpare, oh! ſpare an honour'd huſband's life,
To teach his offspring, and protect his wife;
Let not the hand of Death its weapon raiſe
To ſpill his blood, or end his guiltleſs days.

Receive as gifts of gratitude benign
Our ſtores of wealth which force has render'd thine;
When at Devotion's ſhrine we bend our knee,
Part of our pray'rs ſhall be employ'd for thee:
We'll ne'er repine at Fortune's chaſt'ning hand,
But watch and wait the words of thy command;
My infant orphans with united cries,
And tears profuſe aſſiſt my ſuppliant ſighs;
From Nature's ſource their ſorrowing ſtreams are drawn,
From fears that reach the life of Ali Cawn;
To him theſe babes their weak exiſtence owe,
Oh! pitying them a pardon then beſtow.

Now by that ſoul heroic and humane,
Which European boſoms ſhould contain;
Or can that lovelineſs of lips and eyes
Encourage cruelty with ſuch diſguiſe?
Or by the mercies of th' enlighten'd mind,
In Engliſh hearts ſo tenderly refin'd,
And by thy beauteous Queen's maternal love,
In nuptial virtues chaſter than the dove,
By all her feelings for a race ſo dear,
Remove a miſerable mother's fear,
Diſmiſs an anxious wife's ſevere alarms,
And give a captive conſort to her arms.

Thy God's forgiveneſs will the deed reward,
Thy country thank thee with a due regard;
And ſhe, whoſe ſorrowful and ſuppliant ſtrain
This lowly Lamentation's lines contain,
If you releaſe the pledge of all her cares,
Will make thy proſp'rous days the ſubject of her pray'rs.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO CHARLOTTE SMITH. *

I LOVE the lonely bird that all night long
Laments the loſſes of her pillag'd neſt,
And with th' harmonious ſolace of her ſong
Employs the private hours ordain'd for reſt.

Thee too, ſoft charmer of the troubled breaſt,
With penſive approbation I admire,
Whoſe verſe in melody's ſweet ſadneſs dreſt,
In modern numbers ſuits the Cean † lyre.

Some partial Muſe, whoſe ſmiles thy lays inſpire
Has to thy hand her Sapho's pen convey'd:
And Petrarch adds his fond, poetic fire,
Or in thy ſhape revives his Laura's ſhade.

* Author of the Elegiac Sonnets lately publiſhed.

† From Cea, the birth-place of Simonides, the Grecian Poet, principally celebrated for his Elegies.

His

His ſtrains and thine with equal feelings move,
For both are breath'd in ſorrow, or in love.

SONNET II.

ON THE NEW YEAR 1790.

THE birth-day of the infant year's return
To others happineſs and mirth beſtows,
While here in this ſequeſter'd vale I mourn,
Amus'd with meditating on my woes.

Whence, theſe concerns that leſſen my repoſe?
Thy ruinous rapacities, O Time!
Whoſe tide with onward pace injurious flows
To Love's freſh hopes and Friendſhip's fruitful prime;

Youth's wideſt proſpects, Wiſdom's plans ſublime
Thy waſteful currents diſſipate and change,
And force affections from their foſt'ring clime
In ſtrange and ſep'rate ſolitudes to range.

What numbers may thy next approach conſume,
And roll its annual axle round their tomb.

SONNET

SONNET III.

TO ECHO.

YON Star's deſcent declares the Ev'ning's cloſe,
Lone Heſperus' lamp that lights the dewy plain;
But Sorrow ſteals on Nature's ſoft repoſe,
Convey'd in Echo's ſolitary ſtrain.

While to the Night's cold ſilence I complain,
The Nymph with ſympathizing ſigh returns
A ſoft'ning ſolace to my whiſp'ring pain,
And o'er each ſad repeated period mourns.

Tho' chaſte and coy my near approach ſhe ſpurns,
I love and court thee diſtant as thou art,
And oft repairing where thy ſound ſojourns,
I ſpeak the ſecret ſuff'rings of my heart.

To thee my ſorrows and my pray'rs are giv'n,
Oh! take and waft them with thy voice to Heav'n.

His ſtrains and thine with equal feelings move,
For both are breath'd in ſorrow, or in love.

SONNET II.

ON THE NEW YEAR 1790.

THE birth-day of the infant year's return
To others happineſs and mirth beſtows,
While here in this ſequeſter'd vale I mourn,
Amus'd with meditating on my woes.

Whence, theſe concerns that leſſen my repoſe?
Thy ruinous rapacities, O Time!
Whoſe tide with onward pace injurious flows
To Love's freſh hopes and Friendſhip's fruitful prime;

Youth's wideſt proſpects, Wiſdom's plans ſublime
Thy waſteful currents diſſipate and change,
And force affections from their foſt'ring clime
In ſtrange and ſep'rate ſolitudes to range.

What numbers may thy next approach conſume,
And roll its annual axle round their tomb.

SONNET

SONNET III.

TO ECHO.

YON Star's deſcent declares the Ev'ning's cloſe,
Lone Heſperus' lamp that lights the dewy plain;
But Sorrow ſteals on Nature's ſoft repoſe,
Convey'd in Echo's ſolitary ſtrain.

While to the Night's cold ſilence I complain,
The Nymph with ſympathizing ſigh returns
A ſoft'ning ſolace to my whiſp'ring pain,
And o'er each ſad repeated period mourns.

Tho' chaſte and coy my near approach ſhe ſpurns,
I love and court thee diſtant as thou art,
And oft repairing where thy ſound ſojourns,
I ſpeak the ſecret ſuff'rings of my heart.

To thee my ſorrows and my pray'rs are giv'n,
Oh! take and waft them with thy voice to Heav'n.

SONNET IV.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONNET.

FROM bank to bank I range, from grove to grove,
My feeble fancy's turn'd a reſtleſs rake;
Or like the leaf that ev'ry breeze can move,
Or like the reed the flowing waters ſhake.

Two tempting Gods encourage my miſtake;
An archer one, unerring tho' he's blind,
His mother's ſmiles diſſolve the vows I make
With mocking mirth as wanton as the wind.

O hapleſs man! what profit can he find,
Who plows the ſand, or ſows it in the air?
More hapleſs he, whoſe wiſhes are reſign'd
To ſoft deſires and amorous deſpair.

A woman's ſlave, what hope can he enjoy,
Whom beauty chides, and guided by a boy?

SONNET V.

WRITTEN DURING THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, 28TH APRIL, 1790.

THOU virgin-viſag'd Planet, why ſo pale?
Celeſtial confidant of ſecret hours;
To whom I oft declare my lonely tale,
Beneath the ſhadows of thy dewy bow'rs.

What cauſe obſcures thy fair refulgent pow'rs?
Does man deprav'd communicate this gloom
Of total dimneſs, whoſe diſeaſe like ours
With awful dangers diſcompoſe thy bloom?

Or have their daughters' follies which conſume
Nature chaſte charms with tincture's ſickly art,
Provok'd theſe modeſt eyes, whoſe looks illume
Night's ſhady ſcenes, to turn thy face apart?

This ſable veil at my requeſt remove,
Whoſe contemplations court thee from above.

SONNET VI.

TO A SKY-LARK.

HARMONIOUS Herald of the dewy dawn,
How ſweet and tuneable thy chearful throat
Salutes the fragrance of the ſpangled lawn,
With early melody's aerial note.

Tho' ſoaring oft inviſibly remote,
Thy diſtant ſong delights the liſt'ner's ear;
While on the gales thy ſpreading pinion's float
In mirthful motions tim'd to ſounds ſo clear.

Approach, mild bird; for what haſt thou to fear?
A kindred bard invites thee to his breaſt,
Or if deter'd you ſhun a ſeat ſo near,
Perch'd o'er his couch enjoy thy gentle reſt.

For wak'd to pleaſures by thy warbling ſtrains,
My heart awhile releas'd forgets to feel it pains.

SONNET VII.

TO MRS. SIDDONS *

THOU magic Miſtreſs of the Muſes' art,
To whom the Nine their choiceſt charms convey,
To wake the various feelings of the heart,
And each diſtinct emotion to diſplay.

In tears the pitying paſſions melt away,
Diſtraction ſwells them to unjuſt extremes,
Love's pleaſing ſweets inſenſibly betray
Deception's captives into fav'rite dreams.

Lo! Shakeſpear's ſhade ſeduc'd from Avon's ſtreams
Thy geſture with congenial voice beguiles,
And Rowe revives while you recite his themes,
And Otway's poor afflicted ſpirit ſmiles.

Ye Bards, rejoice—Genius no longer mourns;
Fancy exult, Melpomene returns.

* Occaſioned by hearing the report of a recovery from her indiſpoſition, and of her intentions of returning to the ſtage.

SONNET VIII.

WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF DEVNISH. †

WILDER'D and wand'ring here from tomb to tomb,
While ſerious Fancy by Reflection led,
Sadly ſurveys the conſecrated gloom,
That guards theſe narrow manſions of the dead.

Yon ivy curtains round their ruins ſpread,
The lonely thorn defies the Winter's cold,
And the tall tower erects its holy head,
Whoſe long unletter'd age remains untold.

With awful obſervation I behold
Thy ſhallow compaſs, inconſid'rate man:
Whoſe buſy efforts and pretenſions bold
Are ſoon contracted to the ſmalleſt ſpan.

In ſuch abodes the anguiſh of the heart
Muſt ſhortly ceaſe, and all its cares depart.

† An iſland in Lough-Erne, in which are the remarkable remains of a Monaſtery, and an entire round Tower.

SONNET

SONNET IX.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

HARSH Diſappoint, imp of ugly mien,
More diſmal and deform'd than dumb Deſpair;
Whoſe envious arbitrations intervene
To ſtrip deſires which Hope had dreſs'd ſo fair.

Offspring of Spleen, and ſpiteful page of Care,
Fain would I deprecate thy ſtern decree,
And fain forbid the mandate you declare,
And fain avoid thy viſits paid to me.

The heart that's gen'rous, ſenſible and free,
Muſt often bend beneath thy ſtiff reſtraint;
Contentment's, Friendſhip's, Fortune's joys agree
Againſt thy voice to join their juſt complaint.

Ah! then, what anguiſh muſt the maid endure,
Who, croſs'd in love, repines but finds no cure.

SONNET X.

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

HARK! how the rain beats to the whiſtling wind;
Each ſtar deſerts its ſtation in the ſky,
And echo to ſome narrow cave confin'd
In weak reſponſe is ſcarcely heart to ſigh.

Night's cloudy curtain blindfolds ev'ry eye,
And the cold moon withdraws her waning ray,
While momentary gleams of light'ning fly
The waſte domains of darkneſs to diſplay.

How long, O Winter! thy unwelcome ſtay,
Whoſe icy hand the rural ſcenes deforms;
And all the ruffled elements obey
The reſtleſs ruling ſpirit of thy ſtorms.

Alas! how ſhall the needy naked poor
Thy ſeaſon's ſharp ſeverities endure.

SONNET

SONNET XI.

TO SOLITUDE.

SISTER of Silence! ſlow and ſerious maid,
Solemn aſſociate of the cloyſter'd aile;
To thee this dolorous addreſs is paid,
Whoſe ſober viſage ſeldom ſeems to ſmile.

When in thy hidden haunts I oft beguile
The unforeſeen miſchances I ſuſtain;
Of other cares forgetful for awhile,
Reflection marks thy grand, but gloomy train.

And as I tune my penſive plaintive ſtrain,
At Amity's dull abſence I repine,
Or void of ſocial converſe I complain,
With ſteps approaching thy untrodden ſhrine.

Yet in thy calm uncrowded ſcenes I find
Improvements to amuſe th' incumbrance of the mind.

SONNET

SONNET XII.

WRITTEN ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER, 1790.

WE welcome in the ſhort but tedious day,
When the full Year's ſwift circling changes cloſe,
And Nature's herbage ſhrunk in cold decay,
Expects interment from impending ſnows.

On Winter's lap Aquarius ſeeks repoſe,
While from th' Atlantic coaſts the tempeſts roll,
And the loud Weſt with raging rudeneſs blows,
Which neither lands nor oceans can control.

Sad Seaſon, emblem of th' afflicted ſoul,
With clouds of inward anguiſh overcaſt,
Which longs to gain the dark determin'd goal,
With penſive pleaſure pauſing on the paſt.

This ſure event the courſe of life attends,
And oft in ſhort uncertain periods ends.

FINIS.